

The Charlottetown Guardian

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1918

Monday, Sept. 2d, being Labor Day and a statutory holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be issued on Tuesday. The Evening Guardian will not be issued on Monday, but will be published as usual on Tuesday. Advertisers please note these changes.

GERMANY'S BLACKEST CRIME

A writer in an English magazine says that the blackest crime in the German catalogue is that they have forced us to hate them, that "they have hurt the soul of the world."

We have only to look back five years to realize the meaning of this expression. Until we came into collision with Germanism we knew little of hate. We had our dislikes, there were nations and individuals for whom we had little respect. In calamities overtaking these we found no cause for rejoicing. But we have since learned actually to hate and our hate is confined to Germans; the very word Germany raises our ire and we read with no pity, no feeling of compassion of thousands of them slain, of their armies broken and in rout; we find a grim satisfaction in our despatches telling of the bombing of German cities even when we know that German women and children were among the victims.

At the beginning of the war we read, with a feeling of pride in our race, of our wounded soldiers passing their waterbottles to their wounded enemies; of our soldiers sharing their cigarettes and their eats with German prisoners; of our devoted women tenderly nursing wounded Germans back to life. Later the truth grew upon us, was driven home upon us, that those whom we pitied were unworthy of pity. Heartless murders, inhuman cruelty, undreamed of treachery were forced upon our unwilling belief and we now stand face to face with naked Germanism, the lowest and most loathsome thing in all human history; a thing that it were a sin to forgive, inhuman not to hate.

How reluctantly we believed the stories of German brutality, of German treachery, of unbelievable German cruelty to women, to the wounded, to helpless prisoners! How long we refused to believe that men, supposedly human, could laugh at the helplessness of drowning women and babes; could pollute wells; could act as friends in our homes while plotting to murder us; could stab us under the cup of cold water we handed them! Yet we have been compelled to believe all these and more, more that can never be told, more that has left in its wake, in the devastated fields of France and Belgium, insane mothers, mutilated children, men and women broken mentally and physically by deliberate and studied torture. These things we have learned to hate, not alone the abstract vices of treachery, brutality and inhumanity but the heretofore human German whom we no longer regard as human, who has no claim to our forgiveness and whom we could not forgive if we tried.

As Christians we recognize the duty of love and forgiveness. When One had endured in His own person all the agony of shame, humiliation and the agony of crucifixion at the hands of false friends and enemies, He prayed "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." This prayer does not apply to Germans; they knew what they did, studied it, gloried in it, and they have left on the pages of history a record which will bring down upon them the hatred and the contempt of all future ages. This is Germany's blackest crime. She has hurt the soul of the world.

A MIRACLE OF THE WAR

More wonderful even than their other achievements in the war, glorious as they were and are, is the cheerfulness of the Canadian soldier. Boys who left comfortable homes, with everything they needed to their hand, who had never known either hardship or hunger, who had not even lost a night's sleep except for pleasure, plunged almost suddenly into the terrors, the exposures, the weariness of war and still cheerful! It is almost unthinkable. Only between the lines and incidentally do we find that they are often cold, often wet, of-

ten unwashed for days at a time, taking long marches up to the ankles in mud—and, when referring to it at all, doing it humorously as if it were part of the game and the fun of the thing! Letters written in dugouts, with the traces of muddy sleeves across the pages, tell what comrades have done, of the progress of the "show," of kindness and thoughtfulness of officers and comrades. We have seen hundreds of letters that were written under conditions which, to us in our peaceful, comfortable homes, would be unbearable and never a word of complaint but always the opposite.

The worrying about the war is done at home, none of it on the battlefield. The soldier sees only the job in hand and the end, victory.

"He who bears the weight of it,
 Who feels the hurt and hate of it,
 Sends not a word of doubt or fear
 To terrify the soul.
 He never counts the cost of it,
 Nor dwells upon the loss of it;
 Beyond the death and pain he sees
 The splendor of the goal."

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

A writer in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript describes the Czecho-Slovaks as largely composed of Austrians who surrendered to the Russian General Brusiloff during the great offensive in 1917, and who were sent to Russian prisons beyond the Urals. Their strength was originally 60,000, but since has been increased to 300,000. When the Russian revolution broke out they were liberated from prison and began their march eastward for the avowed purpose of fighting alongside the Entente Allies against the Teutons. The Czechs people inhabit Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia, which under the present constitution are crown lands of the Austrian empire, and lie between Austria proper on the south and the German empire—Bavaria on the west, Saxony on the north and Prussian Silesia on the east. The Slovaks live in the upper regions of Hungary, adjoining the Czechs to the east and south-east.

The two peoples are in effect the same race, their language has only slight dialectical differences; the political division between them was erected only in 1867, when to divide the energies of the people the Slovaks were put under Hungarian rule. Czechs and Slovaks have worked together with absolute harmony for unity and independence. The Czechs are one of the most highly civilized peoples in the world, and economically the most prosperous in the Austrian Empire. Their country includes most of the coal and iron deposits of the empire, the principal manufactures and the most prosperous agricultural districts. The Slovaks have been held back by Magyar repression, but elsewhere, as in the United States, have shown that their natural capacity is as great as that of the Czechs. The area of the Czech countries is about 30,000 square miles, and of the Slovak region 18,000. It is estimated that there are approximately 8,000,000 Czechs and 3,000,000 Slovaks in the two countries. In addition there are more than 2,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks in the United States.

Another writer says the Czechs are a race of Slavic origin, dwelling for the most part in Bohemia, the northwestern province of Austria, which projects into Germany as far as seventy-five to a hundred miles of Berlin. They dwell also in the Province of Moravia, which lies alongside Bohemia. They are said to number about eight millions. The Slovaks, of similar origin, dwell in the adjoining territory of Hungary and some of them, who are tinkers and peddlers, go as far afield as southern Russia. They number about two and a half millions.

These two peoples, who in normal times are politically absorbed in a struggle for the recognition of their languages in Bohemia and Hungary, are said, in the news of the day, to be conducting a revolution against the Bolshevik government of Russia from Vladivostok on the Pacific to within six hundred miles of Moscow and from the Arctic Ocean to the Caspian Sea. They have headquarters at Omsk in Western Siberia, 1,862 miles from Moscow nearly 3,000 miles from Bohemia and about 4,500 miles from Vladivostok. According to one report these people are prisoners taken by Russia who are making their way to the Pacific over these enormous distances and wastes. An expedition of Japanese, English, Americans, Chinese and Canadians is, therefore, to be sent to their relief and incidentally to prevent advance by the Germans overland 7,000 miles or more to the Pacific, where Canada having taken her place in the mid-stream of world politics, has now important interests.

Fox Conditions of P. E. Island as Viewed Through Yankee Eyes

Sir:—I have hammered so much on "Co-operation" that I fear I am a bore, to some, yet when in Charlottetown last month, I could see co-operation beginning to crystallize and a general feeling growing that to get the best results financially, and for successful breeding the fox breeders must work together, but they cannot yet see the necessity or profits in publicity, and much less in advertising.

For one, I would be in favor of the Government assessing ALL foxes one dollar per head annually to go into a publicity fund and to be used for no other purpose than to make better known to the world the fact that P. E. Island produces the best foxes and the best pelts on earth.

Because YOU know, it does not increase the sale of foxes or pelts but it is the convincing of the "other fellow" who has the money that means the sale.

Although WE know of the raising of foxes in captivity, they are thousands here in Massachusetts who never heard of P. E. Island foxes or P. E. Island fox pelts—in fact, know nothing of the industry. Hence how can you expect to sell your wares to a people who have never heard of you nor what you have to sell? You will be surprised to know that not one-third of the people of the United States even know where Prince Edward Island is.

The people of the U. S. A. are the largest purchasing nation in the world—the richest nation in the world. The class of people who can and would buy P. E. Island furs are residents of the U. S. and the people of P. E. Island have the furs. But of what value is this to the people of the U. S. they know nothing of the beauties of a P. E. Island fox pelt. The only way the producer and consumer can know of each other is by PUBLICITY.

I am interested in any publication or advertising agency, hence am not biased on the subject of advertising, but judicious advertising pays—and pays big though I believe more money is wasted than made by advertising. The trouble is not because of the principle but the methods are wrong and wasteful.

The layman might say he would be willing to pay an assessment if his foxes were specially mentioned. If he had only fifty foxes, it would not go far in the general publicity plan but if P. E. Island foxes and fox pelts were known the world over, there would be twice the demand there is today and every fox breeder would be 100 per cent better off for this publicity. The only way, I can see to work out this scheme with justice to all is for the Government to take up this publicity proposition and form a public campaign with an honest, competent publicity manager. The returns to the fox man should be at least \$1,000 for every dollar spent.

A voluntary subscription for a publicity campaign would not bring in enough money to make it of value and

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson

DOWN AND OUT

(By Helen M. Richardson)

He is old and bony, feeble and worn,
 With a halting gait and a drooping head;
 Day by day from the sunlit morn
 Till nightfall his plodding hoof-beats tread.

His driver a boy with an urging whip,
 Thoughtless, unconscious, with youthful zeal,
 Holding the reins with a jerking grip
 That pulls on the grinding bit of steel.

The crowd goes its idle or busy way;
 Who cares for a horse that is lame and old?
 There's never an hour in the busy day
 But one is beaten or one is sold.

The proud high-stepper,—ah, mark him well!
 Nor fail to note as you pass him by,
 His arching neck and his nostrils' swell,
 His pawing hoof and his flashing eye.

It may be the wreck that you see to-day
 Was once in a harness like his as bright;
 He may have stepped in the selfsame way,
 Proudly erect and with footstep light.

Yet someone sold him to be a slave;
 To be lashed, ill-treated, ill-fed;—no doubt
 Somebody loved him, sometime, but now
 He's just a horse that is down and out.

furthermore, the ones benefited most would often be the "slackers."

I fear however, before the fox breeders wake up to the golden opportunity of publicity, it will be too late.

As I wrote the "Guardian" last year the orange growers of Southern California advertise extensively "Sunkist" until it is a household word. The Hawaiian Islands advertise "Hawaiian Pineapples." Washington advertises "Snookum Apples" and it increases their sales three fold. Then why not advertise P. E. Island foxes and P. E. Island pelts which have a merit and distinction and capitalize and make known things that are saleable? By increasing the demand for P. E. Island Fox pelts three fold, it would bring the industry back to its own but not to the condition that existed during "boom" days,—something I do not care to experience.

The gist of this article is, that the general purchasing public knows nothing of P. E. Island, of the P. E. Island fox industry. That the fox industry has merit and can be wonderfully increased by publicity and Mr. Fox-man, it is up to you to see this publicity before it is too late as the U. S. is fast becoming a fox producing country. When the U. S. gets its ranches thoroughly established and producing, home production without a duty, will be a serious handicap to the P. E. Island ranches.

Now is the accepted time, and Mr Fox-man, it's up to you!
 I am Sir etc

F.E.MUZZY

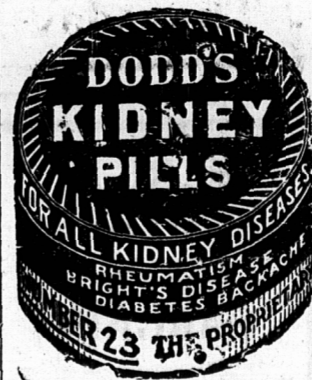
Springfield, Mass.

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

BY REV. T.S. LINSKOTT, D. D. (All rights reserved)

CONSISTENCY.—"Why is it" asks "James" "that in all material things mechanical, agricultural and in other departments, men carefully follow the laws governing production and do quite the contrary in morals?" That a great number of men act as stated by "James" is undoubtedly true, and the reason it is true is because men's minds are perverted with sin. They are controlled by their intellects in all things but in their own moral actions and in these they are controlled by another. There is but one remedy and that these men come to Christ for spiritual healing; have their natures changed from the tendency to do wrong to the tendency to do right.

IS MATTER INTELLIGENT? asked Rhoda. If matter (that which appeals to our senses) is not intelligent there seems to be much apparent scientific testimony that there is some measure of intelligence in matter. Evolutionists claim that the germs of all mental faculties in man are found in animals, and scientists claim that intelligence is manifest in degree in plants and the lowest forms of animal life.



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CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THE GUARDIAN carries the latest telegraphic news of the world's doings in addition to the War news.

THE GUARDIAN carries all the latest a best city and provincial news. Its district correspondents are paid and reliable.

THE GUARDIAN carries the daily stock and share market and the produce market reports.

THE GUARDIAN is the best advertising medium in the Province. It is read by the great majority of the population who can read, and its circulation is guaranteed by the annual audit of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the official auditors of the National Advertisers and the Newspaper Associations of Canada and the United States.

THE GUARDIAN is in itself full value for its money every day and all the year.

Special Opportunity

for New Subscribers

\$1. Till the End of Year \$1.

To the Publisher of the Guardian,
 Charlottetown.

Please book my subscription to the Morning Guardian till Dec. 31st, 1918, for which I enclose \$1.00.

Signed.....

Address.....

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The Balance of our White Boots we will sell at a Discount. Quite a while ago we wear them.
 Women's, Misses' and Children's, all new lasts and High Cut.
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